

## WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

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[NUMBER XXIV.]

*Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.*

## THE PAIR PENITENT.

*(In continuation.)*

"STAY, Adelmarr!" cried Valerie, "stay! we shall soon meet again. Thy barbarous murderer wished to re-unite us, by leaving me here. There is no occasion for steel or poison—it is sufficient to show thee to my eyes, deprived of life.—Oh! I bless his cruelty! To deliver me to death, is to give me to thee! I can only join thee in the tomb!—Thou dost no longer exist: I am dying. In this dreadful agony I may at least mingle my tears with thy blood; and my last sigh will soon follow thine!"—As she pronounced these words with a faltering voice, she felt a death-like chillness glide through her veins; her arteries no longer beat; her oppressed and broken heart suddenly ceased to palpitate. She thought her last hour was fast approaching, when she heard near her a soft and plaintive sound. She at first thought it was only an illusion; yet a vague and superstitious fear took possession of her imagination, while, at the same time, a faint hope resisted this new terror. She listened, and soon heard a faint groan. The idea that Adelmarr was not dead, banished every other.—"Gracious Heaven!" she exclaimed, "I am not deceived; he breathes; he groans: Adelmarr. Valerie is dying near thee: she wishes to live to succour and to save thee!—Oh, answer me!"—She was silent; that she might again listen; but she heard nothing more. This silence was to her the mute language of death.—She no longer

dared to speak—she closed her heavy eyes. Amidst the darkness that surrounded her, she feared lest she should behold some terrible object: a cold perspiration bedewed her face. At this instant she felt the impression of a slight motion. Shuddering with horror, she drew back, as it were, mechanically: it fastened upon her robe—it followed her murmuring. She dragged herself towards the door, which she reached, and endeavoured to open, but found it fast. She again sunk upon the floor, almost lifeless. A few minutes afterwards, the first dawn of day penetrated into the chamber, and enabled Valerie to discover what had so dreadfully alarmed her. She saw her wounded dove expiring at her feet. She was then some steps from the window: she darted towards it, opened it, tied her girdle to the balcony, and suspended herself by this fragile support, which, though it did not break proved to be short; and Valerie fell from a height of ten feet, into the garden; but the lightness of her person prevented her from receiving any injury by the fall. She raised herself, and soon recovered strength to fly, she knew not whither, nor with what design, except to save herself from the horror of her present situation. It was by this garden that Adelmarr had entered, and he had left the door half open. Valerie passed through this door, and has ended into the forest, where she wandered for some time, with a distraction that permitted her not to choose any road: she thought only of removing to a great distance from the castle.

After she had thus wandered nearly an hour, she perceived, through the extremity of the wood, the lone house of

the rector, distant three hundred paces from the village.—Above this house appeared the church, which was built upon a hill. Valerie felt an extraordinary sensation as she cast her eyes upon the church: she trembled, and, turning away her head, she advanced towards the house and knocked at the door; for she was no longer either able to walk, or to support herself. The door was opened by an old servant, who uttered an exclamation of surprise and affright, at seeing the young lady of the castle alone, at so unseasonable an hour, disordered in her locks, her hair dishevelled, and her clothes torn and stained with blood.—"Oh, hide me! hide me!" cried Valerie, rushing into the court. The terrified servant conducted her into the parlour where the venerable pastor was; who, drawing back when he beheld her, imagined that she had been assaulted by robbers.—"Yes," said Valerie, as she sunk into a chair, "he has committed murder!"—"A murder!"—"You see this blood."—"I do."—"It is his. Oh! hide me."—"Explain yourself."—"Oh God! I have killed him."

At these words the rector remained motionless with horror: but soon recovering himself, he called to mind the mildness, the tenderness, and the timidity of her who spoke to him, and he could not believe what she now said. He placed her in an arm chair; he made her take a little wine, and smell to some vinegar. At length, sending away his servant, he questioned her affectionately and minutely; and notwithstanding the incoherence and obscurity of her answers, discovered perfectly the dreadful truth.

Towards the end of this interrogatory,



which lasted but a few minutes, Valerie, for the first time since these disastrous events, reflected. The remembrance of her child rushed upon her mind.—'And my child!' cried she, in a piercing accent, 'my child! in what hands have I left her!—Ah, I would rather die a thousand deaths, than leave her! Let us return to the castle. I will see my child again!'

The rector earnestly endeavoured to dissuade her from this intention; but Valerie would not listen to him.—'He will kill her, perhaps,' exclaimed she, shedding a torrent of tears.—'Oh, lead me to her! Oh, for pity's sake!—I must see my child again!' Saying this, she would have escaped, but her swollen and painful feet refused to support her, and she fell into the arms of the good pastor; who, at length, succeeded in his endeavours to persuade her to remain, by assuring her that he would himself go immediately to the castle to see her daughter, and speak to Beaumanoir, and that he would return in less than three hours. Valerie suffered him to depart. She was in a high fever: she was put to bed, and when the pastor returned, he found her in a strong delirium.—She remained in this state two days, when the cares of the pastor recalled her to life and to misery. When she had perfectly recovered her recollection, he satisfied her with respect to the safety of her daughter; but he informed her that Beaumanoir was in extreme danger, in consequence of his wound. In short, he was during more than three weeks at the point of death. Valerie passed all this time at the minister's house, for Beaumanoir had commanded her to remain there; but the good pastor went almost every day to the castle, for the purpose of bringing news of Emma. Instructed and strengthened by the exhortations of this pious and venerable man, Valerie threw herself into the arms of religion.—Nothing remained of her culpable attachment to Adelmair, but an eternal remorse for having been the cause of his death, and an invincible horror of Beaumanoir. The pastor, far from

being obliged to excite her repentance, thought it his duty to moderate its violence.—'Oh! my father;' she would exclaim, 'I have been the cause of bloodshed; I have occasioned the death of an unfortunate man, and, perhaps, I may yet have to reproach myself with that of a husband. What irreparable crimes! The most abandoned women have never caused miseries like these.'

'But,' replied the good man, 'they have exposed themselves to the situation which might but too easily produce them. Such are the dreadful evils which may result from a criminal attachment. A faithless wife can only prevent detection by the aid of lies and duplicity; and, notwithstanding all her artifices, chance may betray her. And should she even have the fortune to escape detection here, the Almighty will, doubtless, one day demand an account, not only of the evil she has committed, but of that which she has wilfully risked becoming the cause. As for you, my child, the guilty sentiment that profaned your heart, has not stained your person. Your youth and inexperience will plead for you; but the fault which you committed, has been productive of such fatal consequences, that you cannot expiate it, but by a conduct the most strict and exemplary.'

In the mean time Beaumanoir recovered from his wound. He then terrified the good pastor, by informing him of the singular plan of penance which he meant to impose on Valerie, and which was to continue five years. He declared that she should pass the whole of this time in an insulated apartment of the castle; that she should never leave it, but to walk in a particular garden, and that she should receive the visits of no person except the pastor. He added, that, deprived of her privileges as a mother and a wife, she should be allowed to see her daughter only for a few minutes every morning and evening; that she should be contented with embracing her, without ever offering to speak one word to her; that,

added to this, the wretched Valerie should present herself every night at supper at Beaumanoir's table, preserving a profound silence, and observing the ceremony which he prescribed; and lastly, that she should drink out of the fatal cup, which would recal to mind her misfortune, and the vengeance of her husband.

The good pastor exclaimed against the harshness of these conditions, and, above all, against the humiliation of appearing thus before strangers. 'Her fault,' said Beaumanoir, 'has been attended with the greatest publicity; it is necessary that the expiation of it should be equally so. Besides,' continued he, 'I leave her all the merit of a voluntary penance, which alone will do honour to her. She is at liberty to accept or refuse it. In the latter case, she will never again see her daughter; but she shall have a pension, which will secure to her during her life, a suitable independence, and she may reside at a distance from me, in whatever place she pleases. I wish to punish her, to purify her, and not to tyrannize over her. If, submitting herself at first to the laws I impose, she should afterwards find them insupportable, she shall no longer be a prisoner here. She shall have money and horses at her command, and no person shall prevent her from withdrawing herself from this place; but the smallest step contrary to our agreement, separates us without return, by depriving her for ever of her daughter. When the five years of her penance have expired, if her obedience has been perfect, she will resume all her privileges in my heart, and in my house: the past will be for ever buried in oblivion. Such is my irrevocable resolution.'

Two gentlemen standing together, as a young lady passed by them, said one, 'There goes the handsomest woman you ever saw.' She hearing him, turned back, and seeing him very ugly, said, 'I wish I could, in return, say as much of you.' 'So you may, madam,' said he, 'and lie as I do.'



*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

MR. EDITOR,

By the publication of the following answer to the piece signed Malvina, that appeared in your paper of last week, you will oblige one of your readers.

TO MALVINA.

Thy ring, Malvina, safe received,  
And with it all the love it breath'd,  
And which thy generous heart bequeath'd  
To one that loves thee !

And now upon my finger plac'd,  
I'll hope the incautious doubt retrac'd,—  
Malvina ne'er can be effac'd,

Believe the one that loves thee !

Friend of my soul, my heart is free,  
Affection's bond binds it to thee ;  
It ever unreserv'd shall be,  
Until I cease to love thee !

Heaven gives to friendship the sweet power  
To soothe affliction's grievous hour,  
Calm'd be the storm when'er it lowers,  
Prays the one that loves thee !

In my heart thy little ring I'll wear,  
'Twill sweetly soothe my every care ;  
Malvina's name is planted there,  
By the one that loves thee !

May Heaven thy heart's prayer attend,  
To thee its choicest blessings send,  
And all thy warmest hopes befriend,  
Prays the one that loves thee !

MARIA.

THE

CLERGYMAN AND THE PLAYER.

WHEN Dr. Stonehouse entered into holy orders, we are informed, that he took occasion to profit by his acquaintance with GARRICK, in order to procure from him some valuable instructions in elocution. Being once engaged to read prayers, and to preach at the church in the city, he prevailed upon Garrick to go with him. After the service, the British Roscius asked the doctor, what particular business he had to do when the duty was over ?—'None,' said the other. 'I thought you had,' said Garrick, 'on seeing you enter the reading-desk in such a hurry.

Nothing,' added he, 'can be more indecent, than to see a clergyman set about sacred business, as if he were a tradesman, and go into the church as if he wanted to get out of it as soon as possible.'

He next asked the doctor, what books he had in the desk before him—'Only the bible and prayer-book.'—'Only the bible and prayer-book,' replied the player, 'why you tossed them backwards and forwards, and turned the leaves as carelessly as if they were those of a day-book and ledger.'

LOVE MAKES A MAN HUNGRY.

I HAVE been much amused with the observations of FIELDING, in his "Tom Jones," that love makes a man hungry.—"In strong and healthy constitutions, (he says) love hath a very different effect from what it causes in the puny part of the species. In the latter, it generally destroys all that appetite which tends towards the conversation of the individual ; but in the former, though it often induce forgetfulness and neglect of food, as well as of every thing else, yet place a good piece of well-powdered buttock before a hungry lover, and he seldom fails very handsomely to play his part." This, indeed, appears to me to be the true manly effects of love. What can we say of those mewling poetasters, who are always fainting and dying, who never eat a hearty meal, nor form a healthy wish ?—Certainly, these too plainly declare themselves to be of "the puny part of the species."

COQUETRY.

THERE is an exceedingly dangerous period for women who are not exempt from coquetry. It is the moment, when, though still beautiful, but having lost the freshness and the brilliancy of youth, their personal charms no longer produce such a powerful effect ; in a word, the moment when it is said of a woman—

"She is still very handsome !" That word *still* is a great drawback from the eulogy. It therefore appears very natural that a woman of thirty, who is no longer followed by the obsequious crowd which surrounded her a few years before, should set a much greater value on the attentions which are yet paid her. Formerly she thought it a matter of course that men should be enamored of her ; now she is almost grateful for their homage. She knows that it is no longer the effect of fashion ; the brilliant empire she derived from that source is irrevocably lost ; she is like a dethroned queen, without courtiers, and who on that account is the more deeply affected with the sympathy that is shewn her. She has renounced the glory of turning twenty heads at once ; but she still retains the hope of inspiring a violent passion. She will not fail to suppose the existence of this passion in the first man than takes any notice of her. Be this lover whoever he may, he will flatter her self love more than all those she had in her youth. How valuable he is rendered by the sad idea that he is perhaps the last that she will captivate ! 'Tis then than coquetry employs all its artifice and address ; 'tis then that a woman cannot forego the desire of enjoying a triumph, and that she is solicitous to display it to every eye ; and 'tis then that this lover, if he is not an idiot, may, without being beloved, destroy not only her reputation, but likewise the peace of her future life.

THE fashion of dress is always the subject of criticism : in 1770, it was thus humourously described.—A modern fine fellow has a coat on, with sleeves too small for the arms, and buttons too big for the sleeves ; a pair of Manchester fine stuff breeches, without money in the pockets, clouded silk stockings, but no legs, a club of hair behind larger than the head that carries it, and a hat of the size of a sixpence, on a block not worth a farthing.



*Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.*

ANECDOTE OF

ALEXANDER THE FIRST,

*The present Emperor of Russia*

THE laws of Russia enact that one youth out of every peasant's family shall be liable to serve as a soldier, and, in case there should be but one son only in a family, that *that* son shall be exempt from the operation of military conscription. Notwithstanding this, a peasant, whose eldest son was slain in battle, saw, not only his second son torn from his home, but his third also, who was compelled to join the new levy ordained in the autumn of 1804; so that himself, (an old man) with his disconsolate wife, a daughter, who was both diseased and blind, and his youngest son, a little deformed being, were left forlorn and helpless. Their remonstrances and entreaties being disregarded, himself and his unfortunate family were at once consigned to a life of penury and wretchedness. The mother died shortly after of a broken heart, and thus were the period of her sufferings soon closed; but what pen shall describe the melancholy situation of the unhappy group she left behind to bemoan her loss? a poor old man—

"Whose hoary locks proclaim'd his lengthen'd years,"

reproaching himself loudly with having given his offspring existence, without the means of preserving it; his daughter, blind and helpless, bewailing the loss of a mother, whose tender care might have preserved her father and brother, whilst she is left to add to their load of misery; and his son, a poor unhappy cripple, exclaiming, in an agony of grief—"I ought now to work for you—I ought to support you—but, alas! I have not the power to do so. Oh, why was I not made like other men?" Can a more deplorable spectacle of accumulated misery than this, be conceived? What heart is there but will bleed at the bare mention of such a scene of suffering innocence?

Possessed with the idea that it was to him the task of supporting his hoary parent, and his unfortunate sister, had devolved, the noble-minded cripple conceived the heroic resolution of encountering every danger, to save *them* from destruction. Unmindful of his infirmities, this generous youth enquired the road to the metropolis, and travelled five hundred wersts,\* subsisting merely on the scanty pittance which his pitiable state extorted from the poor peasants, whose humble dwellings are thinly scattered over the deserts of northern Russia, and at length, after surmounting innumerable difficulties he arrived at the imperial capital. What a novel sight there presented itself to his astonished faculties!—the gilded steeples, the noble palaces, the incessant rumbling of carriages, the tumult which constantly pervades the streets, and the consciousness of his own helpless condition, all conspired to dishearten him. Is it then to be wondered at, that he should shudder at the idea of imploring succour from the lord of all these prodigies, and, perhaps, of even conversing with him? Under these discouraging circumstances, how few would have remained steadfast to such a purpose as his!—Heaven only knows in what manner he procured his tale of woe to be committed to paper: he repaired with it to the parade, where the Emperor daily reviews the troops; but, alas! he arrived too late. He went there again the next day; but at the sight of the troops, and the pomp which surrounds the emperor's person, his courage utterly forsook him. Resolving that filial duty should no longer be overawed by the fear of any being, mortal as himself, on the third day he threw himself on his knees before the emperor, and presented his sad memorial. Alexander immediately ordered one of his attendants to take charge of it, and as his looks rested on the emaciated cripple, whose whole appearance bore testimony to the truth of his tale, a tear started in his eye. As

\* The Russian werst contains 3500 feet, about three quarters of an English mile.

soon as the parade was over, and the Emperor had returned to his palace, he requested to see the memorial: it was brought to him, and as he perused it, his generous feelings revolted at such an instance of inhuman oppression. He immediately sent it to the minister of justice, Prince Lapuchin, whom he directed to enquire minutely into the affair, and, if he found it authenticated by facts, to give the poor cripple's brother a dismissal without delay, and to consign the governor, and all others who were concerned in the commission of this barbarous act of tyranny, to the punishment awarded by those laws which they had so glaringly violated. Prince Lapuchin, who was fortunately a man of the most humane and benevolent disposition, immediately caused the affair to be investigated, and found it but too well grounded. On receiving the minister's report, Alexander generously ordered the peasant's son to be set at liberty, and five hundred roubles to be paid to his poor brother, as a small indemnification for the suffering which the family had endured. Lapuchin could not forbear being an eye-witness to the joy, which the unfortunate young man would naturally testify, on receiving such unexpected intelligence, and ordered him into his presence. Trembling with anxiety, the poor cripple accordingly repaired to the prince's palace, to receive life or death from his communication. The antechamber was crowded with persons of every rank and description, some of whom, having heard the young man's story, endeavoured to bereave him of all hopes of a successful issue to his petition. At length Prince Lapuchin appeared, with the Emperor's order in his hand. "Go," said he to him, "go and fetch your brother; a kibitke is waiting for you below." The poor cripple, frantic with joy, uttered a loud cry, fell down, and embraced the knees of the worthy prince, who raised him up again. In the ecstasy of the moment, he laughed—he wept—all earthly grandeur vanished from his mind, and he forgot that he stood surrounded by a crowd of Russian nobles.



He asked again and again, whether it were really true that his dear brother was to be restored to the embraces of his grey-headed father, and his poor blind sister. The prince assured him that it was, shewed him his sovereign's signature, and ordered the money to be paid to him. He now knew no bounds for his joy, and it was long before his mind regained even a moderate degree of composure.

Every spectator was affected to behold so much sensibility and feeling inherent in the breast of one who scarcely bore the semblance of a human being—and all participated in his rejoicing. What a gratifying sight, must it not, have been for the generous Lapuchin!

The happy youth hurried down to the kibitke, and hastened to release his brother, who was stationed at Gatschina, about forty wersts from St. Petersburg. He soon conducted him back, in triumph, to the arms of his now-happy family, whom their beneficent sovereign had rescued from misery and starvation. The inhuman author of all their calamities, was shortly after dismissed, with infamy, from the Emperor's service.

"Alexander! thou best of monarchs!"

How could my tongue

Take pleasure and be lavish in thy praise!

How could I speak thy nobleness of nature!

Thy open, manly heart, thy courage, constancy,  
And inborn truth!"

For the Lady's Miscellany.

### GLANCES AT LIFE.

No. 2.

BUSINESS calling me a few days since, to one of the wharves of our city, my attention was caught by a number of persons assembled, who appeared intent on some particular object. The better to satisfy myself, I advanced toward the crowd, in the midst of which, reclined a

poor sailor, who had sustained the misfortune of breaking his leg. The poor fellow appeared in a good deal of pain, resulting, probably, more from the severe bruise which the flesh had sustained in the shock, (his leg being in a dreadful condition,) than from the breaking of the bone. Several of his messmates stood by him, from whose conversation, I learned that the unfortunate man had recently returned from the West Indies in the vessel on board of which he was at work when the disaster befel him. The ship he had sailed from this port in, had been condemned by the Court of Admiralty of a foreign nation, and he had worked his passage back, without having it in his power on his landing, to present his wife with a single shilling—his first month's pay being expended for necessities before his departure.

"Avast there, don't pull that arm so hard," said a well-looking fellow, whose countenance beamed with humanity—"sliver my topsails, but you think you're launching the long-boat. Here, Ben," continued he, "go aloft there," meaning a coach, which at this time arrived, to convey the poor fellow home—"and, dear, steady Bob's larboard side, as Sam said I left him into this here thing." They then took gently hold of him, and with the greatest care, placed him in the coach. Ben continued to support him. The humane fellow, whom I now learned was the first mate of the ship, squeezed his unfortunate friend by the hand, with a promise to "call on him in the evening, and see how he carried sail."

A wish to be more fully satisfied respecting the poor fellow's real situation, induced me to call the next day, and make enquiry respecting him.

I was given to understand that the captain, his mates, and his crew, (for each man, even to the cook, willingly contributed to his relief,) had given the poor fellow as good as three months pay "And much good may it do him;" said the ho-

nest seaman from whom I obtained my information, "he was a worthy messmate, and had witnessed hard weather; the squalls of adversity have come across him; and short allowance, and no grog to the man who refuses to assist his fellow in distress."

There is something truly amiable in generosity. This poor sailor, who had afforded his unfortunate messmate a few dollars, felt what it is to do a worthy action. There was an honest meaning in his countenance, which could not be mistaken. "His captain," he said, "than whom a better seaman, or more worthy man, never broke a biscuit, had given Bob twenty *shiners*—and good luck to him," continued he, "may his voyage of life be prosperous, say I." Saying which he turned to his business.

The generosity of this class of men is proverbial. I almost envied the seaman his happiness. But the man whom providence has blessed with plenty, has it every day in his power to realize this superlative pleasure.

Society is not destitute of characters in more exalted stations, who, like these seamen, pour the balm of comfort into the wounded mind; and administer to the wants of virtuous mendicity.

The exquisite sensibility which characterizes the female mind, is often productive of great and lasting bounty to the afflicted part of the community. As a proof of this, it is but necessary to be acquainted with the proceedings of the society, in this city For the relief of Poor Widows with small Children. At periods when distress as unexpected as unforeseen, has assailed many families, this band of excellent women have, with a zeal that reflects the highest credit on their exertions, sought out, and administered to, the pressing necessities of their fellow creatures. During the severe winter of 1805, how many, who, but for them, could not have known the comforts of warm raiment, and seldom the luxury of

a comfortable dinner partook, with grateful hearts, of this society's bounty. Indeed, the day passes not, in which some act of beneficence is not effected through the means of this excellent institution.

E.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

An ENIGMA for those who can Expound it.

In praise of dear England, with pleasure I join,  
And remember all friends there when taking my wine;  
Though an alien and distant full three thousand miles,  
(My riddle I guess it now raises your smiles)  
Yet believe me, although I reside at New-York,  
To England, with pleasure, I oft take a walk.  
Not exactly the dear little island of Britain,  
Yet England is still the fair subject I hit on.  
'Tis there where good humour and friendship unite—  
Accomplishments there which ne'er fail to delight;  
'Tis a fact, and howe'er you may deem me romantic,  
'Tis England I prize on this side the Atlantic;  
And howe'er you suspect that 'gainst reason I talk,  
I affirm that *this* England is found in New-York.

JULIA.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ANTICIPATION.

Mark yon tall vessel, on mountain-waves riding,  
Now see her engulph'd in the vallies below;  
Majestic she's borne, the rude billows deriding,  
While her sails catch the breezes around, as they blow.

Mark yon hanging cliff, o'er the Atlantic ocean,  
See how terrific it frowns o'er the wave:  
As towering, it chides every boisterous motion,  
That hurls the rude spray yon tall vessel to lave.

For pensive on deck, was Immanuel reclining,  
Nor heeded the spray that bedew'd his fair form;  
He saw not the gathering tempest combining,  
He felt not the bleak wind, nor shrunk from the storm.

He thought on his Julia, till thought became anguish,  
He dreaded lest absence her heart should estrange;  
Ah, check that suspicion, nor long shalt thou languish,  
The heart that's Immanuel's can never know change.

For on yon high cliff, that frowns dark o'er the ocean,  
Regardless of danger thy Julia doth weep;  
Each morn, and each eve, as she views the wild motion,  
Her sighs swell the winds that fly over the deep.

One morn when the Heavens thro' soft azure was smiling,  
A vessel's tall masts was by Julia descried;  
Each varying passion her bosom beguiling,  
While fear rose on doubts, till e'en hope was denied.

At mid-day so light o'er the billows it bounded,  
But soon yon blue sky was o'erclouded and dark;

The setting-sun vanish'd by vapour surrounded,  
And Julia no longer yon vessel could mark!

At Sun-rise next morn for the cliff she departed,  
And hasten'd, her favourite spot to regain;  
She gaz'd all around her—she sunk brokenhearted!

Nor aught met her sight but the turbulent main!

"Adieu, my Immanuel! adieu then forever,  
Perhaps thou'rt engulph'd in the merciless sea;  
Thy Julia will join thee, for why should I ever?

Ah why should'st thou leave me to mourn and to weep!"

When soft, like a ministering angel appearing,  
His Julia he caught as she sank on the shore;  
While heart press'd to heart, still endear'd, and endearing

They met—they united—to sever no more!

JULIA FRANCISCA.

THE CARNATION.

From the German of Solomon Geener.

As Doris was walking in the garden,  
she perceived, near a hedge of elms, a carnation just blown, and variegated with the most brilliant colours. She approached it, and, with a smiling air, her lovely

face reclined over the flower. While she inhaled its sweet fragrance, the carnation seemed to kiss her lips. At that sight, I felt my cheeks inflamed, and said, Why cannot I, ah! why cannot I so touch thy vermillion lips? Doris retired. I approached the carnation. Shall I pluck thee? shall I pluck thee, fair flower! that hast touched her lips? Thy odours are more grateful to me than is the dew of heaven to the flowers of the field. I stretched my hand out, eager to seize it: but on a sudden, said to myself, What, shall I tear the flower that she has cherished? No, Doris shall place thee in her bosom, to meet her breath more fragrant; and thy delicious odours shall rise as the incense ascends to heaven when we offer our vows to the goddess of beauty.

The following passage is selected from a work lately published in England, entitled, "An address to the British public;"—It is full of good sense, and deserves the consideration of our fair readers.

WHEN I contemplate one of our fashionable females, ushered into the world in early youth, with morals neglected, and a mind unstored with principles, by which to guide her steps; when she appears tricked out in the indecent transparencies of modern dress, setting at nought all precautions of health, and assuming a boldness and effrontery, totally inconsistent with that unobtrusive modesty, in which is comprised the greatest charm of female excellence;—I must confess that the prevailing sentiments of my breast are compassion and sorrow. This uniform, this *unreserved, and cheap display of beauty*, has rendered it too familiar, and disarmed it of all fascination:—It may attract the snares of the seducer; but the honourable lover, the man of sense and reflection, who looks for the solid and rational delights of domestic life, recoils from the idea of associating his destiny, or of risking his hopes of happiness, with such slight and frail materials.



SATURDAY, APRIL 11.

To note the passing tidings of the times.

**MR. MARTIN'S Benefit** is fixed for Monday the 13th inst.—He is dangerously ill, and it is probable will not survive many months. His life has been devoted to our amusement, and his efforts to succeed in his profession, he has been steady and indefatigable. It has been his destiny to struggle with poverty, burthened with a large family, who depended solely on his exertions. Those efforts, sickness has for a long time rendered feeble and inadequate, and death threatens soon to terminate them. The modesty of his pretensions, and the worth of his domestic character have procured him some private friends, whose own hearts can alone reward their perseverance in acts of humanity.—His benefit will be his last appeal to public patronage, which, if liberally bestowed, may soothe the bed of death, and relieve his mind of some portion of that anxiety, which every Father must feel, who expects to leave a Wife and Children destitute.—This is no picture of the imagination.—Let those who doubt, seek conviction.—The means are easy. V.

Last week 70 tons of streaked bass were taken in one net, and at one haul, near Stonington, most of which were brought to our market, and sold very cheap.—This uncommon draught of fishes was valued at eight thousand dollars!—The net is owned by a respectable company of fishermen, and is 300 fathoms in length, and 6 fathoms deep.

Richmond, April 8.

Aaron Burr has been admitted to bail, by Chief Justice Marshall. He is to make his appearance for trial, in the Federal Court, to be held at the Capitol in this city, on the 22d of May next, under the penalty of Ten Thousand Dollars.

Common oak wood sold in this city on Saturday last, at Twenty dollars a cord.

Deaths in this city during the last week, Adults 28, children 15—total 43.

## MARRIED.

At Philadelphia, on Saturday last, by the rev. Mr. Staughton, Mr. John Bowen, of this city, merchant-taylor, to Miss Mary Stephenson, of the former place.

On Wednesday evening, by the rev. Mr. Beach, Capt. George Clarke, to Miss Betsey Vaughn.

On Wednesday evening, by the rev. Dr. Milledoler, Mr. Matthew Semple, merchant, to Miss Hannah Jackson, both of Philadelphia.

On Monday evening last, by the rev. Dr. M<sup>r</sup>. Knight, Mr. William Turner, to Miss Ann Chapel, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, the 1st inst. by the rev. Dr. Lansing, Tappan, Rockland County, Mr. John Graham, of this city, to Miss Margaret Edwards, of the former place.

On Thursday evening, the 2d inst. by the rev. Mr. Hobart, Mr. Jacob Covert, to Miss Wilhelmina Van Hoison, of Hudson.

## DIED.

At his seat, on Monday the 6th inst. Mr. James Beckman, aged 75.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. Jane Herttell, wife of W. Herttell after a long and painful illness, which she bore with christian fortitude.

On the 9th ult. in Columbia County, Georgia, Mr. Wm. Howard, merchant, of this city.

At Tunis, on the 18th of October last, Dr. James Dodge, of this city, in the 35th year of his age.

## YOUNG LADIES' ACADEMY.

MRS. STONEHOUSE respectfully informs her friends, and the public in general, that her School for the instruction of Young Ladies, in Orthography, English grammar, Reading, Writing, and Needlework, is continued at No. 24 Beaver-street, in an airy and pleasant situation.—She returns her most grateful thanks to her former and present employers, and hopes to merit a continuance of their favours, by the assiduity and attention paid to inform the minds, and direct the morals and manners of the children entrusted to her care. April 11.

## WANTED.

A lad of respectable connexions, as an apprentice to the Druggist and Apothecary's business, for particulars apply at this office.

## BOARDING.

Three or four Persons may be genteely accommodated with Boarding and Lodging, in a private family, in the neighbourhood of Cherry street.—For further particulars, apply at No. 137 Water-street. April 11.

## SCHOOL.

MRS. HEARNE returns her sincere thanks to her former friends and employers, who have hitherto honored her with the tuition of their children, and respectfully informs them and the public in general, that she intends removing her seminary on the first of May next from No. 35, to 187 Bowery Lane, nearly opposite Dr. Church's Dispensary, having taken a convenient, neat, and commodious house, for that purpose, in a pleasant, healthy, and airy situation, where she will continue to instruct youth in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Embroidery, and the various branches of Needlework, &c. She flatters herself, that from the assiduous pains, and strict attention she is determined to pay

to the morals, manners, and erudition of her pupils, to merit a continuance of the favours of her friends, and a share of public patronage.

N. B. Mrs. Hearne wishes to intimate that she will be able to accommodate conveniently, from 12 to 15 young ladies to board and educate, if application be made within six weeks from this date.

March 10.

Just Received,

A handsome assortment of Lady's ornamented

COMBS,

Of the newest fashion, for sale by

N. S. & I. T. H.,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

From London,

At the New-York Hair Powder

and perfume Manufactory, the

ROSE, No 114, opposite the

City Hotel, Broadway. Also,

SMITH'S

Purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 and 8s. each.

Gentlemen's morocco pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete, in a small compass.

Odours of roses, for smelling bottles. Violet and palm soap, 2s per square. His chymical blacking cakes, 1s 6d. Almond powder, for the skin, 8s per lb.

His circassia, or antique oil, for curling, glossing, and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s per bottle.

Highly improved, sweet-scented, hard and soft pomatums 1s. per pot or roll. Roled do 2s.

His improved chymical milk of roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns, has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and excellent for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions. 6s 9s and 12s per bottle, or three dollars per quart.

His Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and to keep it from coming out or turning grey, 4s and 8s per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white hair powder 1s per lb.

violet double scented do. 1s. 6d. do.

beautiful rose powder 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved hard and soft pomatums 1s. per pot or role, double 2s.

His white almond wash ball 2 & 3s. each. common ditto 1s. Camphor 2s. 3s. do. Ditto vegetable ditto. Gentlemen's shaving boxes filled with best soap at 2s. each.

Balsamic lip salve of roses for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, cures roughness and chops leaves the skin smooth, 2s & 4s. per box.

Savonnette royal paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. & 8s. per pot.

His chymical Dentifrice tooth-powder, for the teeth and gums, 2s. & 4s. per box.

SMITH'S assortment in the above line is very extensive, and each article will be sold on reasonable terms. \* \* Suitable allowance to those who buy to sell again. March 21.

## WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

Two or three Tayloresses regularly bred to the trade. Also, two or three female apprentices to the above business. Inquire at 214 Greenwich street. March 21.





*It were needless to compliment where compliments  
are so frequently due... The following lines are  
from one of the poets of Petersburg.*

[Richmond Enquirer.

TUNE—*The Humours of Glen.*

How sweet on the mountains, when heath-bells  
are glowing,

To wander and list to the busy wild bees ;  
Or stray through the grove where the wild flow-  
ers are blowing,

And catch the rich odours that float on the  
breeze.

Though sweet be the breeze from the bosom of  
roses,

Enchanting the hum of wild bees on the hill,  
O Mary, my Mary, far sweeter than those is,  
Far purer than dew-gems that shine o'er the  
rill.

Nor the glow on the pink, nor the snow of the  
lily,

Can match her soft cheek,—O, the beam of  
her eyes !

When she flies on the wings of a Sylph through  
the valley,

To glad the poor cottage where misery lies.

O Daughter of Beauty, Compassion's fair blos-  
som !

Can pity, soft pity alone thy heart move ?  
O come and repose thy young cares in my bosom ;  
I'll cherish them there till they bloom into love.

#### MARY SMILING THROUGH A TEAR.

The dew-drop on the budding rose,  
Is the tear trembling in thine eye,  
The ray serene with which it glows,  
Is the smile glistening in thine eye.

Now with the zephyr breath of love,  
Oh let me brush the drop away ;  
No, rather let it trembling rove,  
Or glisten in thine eye's pure ray.

The costly pledge of Mary's love,  
That gem is far more dear to me,

Than all the drops that deck the grove,  
Than all the pearl beneath the sea.

The sigh ! that speaks thy sweet alarms :  
What is it ? all Arabia's gale :  
Oh let me press thee in mine arms,  
And all thy balmy sweets inhale.

The sigh that heaves the breast of snow,  
It starts the tear into mine eye,  
Our tears thus ever, ever flow,  
Thus only may we ever sigh.

Then all our days one round shall be  
Of laughing tears, of happy sighs ;  
And we continue still to see  
Our blisses in each others eyes.

#### THE WEEPING BEAUTY.

From morn to night, or griev'd or glad,  
Lucella's looks are always sad ;

Her kerchief she with tears is steeping :  
Some think the pretty maid gone mad ;  
But lately the reason had—  
She looks most beautiful when weeping.

#### IMPROMPTU.

To a lady who requested a description of Love.

"WHAT IS LOVE ?" you ask, fair creature !

Mark the notes of every sigh,  
Mark the glow of every feature,  
Mark the maddening, melting eye,  
Restless, trembling, blest, uneasy,  
As the youth beside she sits,  
Views thy smiles, now pleas'd now crazy,  
Calm by turns, and wild by fits.  
Ask the voice that sweetly falters,  
Ask the ardent, thrilling squeeze,  
Ask the countenance that alters,  
Smiles that melt, and frowns that freeze !

For the Lady's Miscellany.

To a gentleman on his arrival in America.

Thrice welcome to Columbia's land,  
Her pleasant vales and mountains ;  
Thrice welcome to her peaceful strand,  
Her purling streams and fountains.

May every pleasure, every joy,  
Your native island boasted,  
Refulgent shine, without alloy—  
Your bliss be near exhausted.

May Fortune's smiles endear each scene,  
And Health's gay roses blending,

With sweet Contentment's placid mein,  
Each gentle bliss extending.

May all blest Friendship's magic charms  
Around your heart entwining,  
Bring peace and love, without alarms—  
Bring virtue brightly shining.

May joys like these, each hour beguil—  
So will your life pass cheerly—  
And now permit me, sir, to style  
Myself your friend sincerely.

JANE C\*\*\*\*\*

Washington City, March  
1807.

#### HYMN TO HEALTH.

.....Health, most venerable of the powers of  
Heaven !...with thee may the remaining part of  
my life be passed, nor do thou refuse to bless me  
with thy residence. For whatever there is of  
beauty or of pleasure in wealth, in descendants or  
in sovereign command, the highest summit of  
human enjoyment, or in those objects of desire  
which we endeavour to chase into the toils of  
love ; whatever delight or whatever solace is  
granted by the celestials to soften our fatigues....  
in thy presence, thou parent of happiness, all  
those joys spread out and flourish....In thy pre-  
sence blooms the spring of pleasure, and without  
thee no man is happy.

Let not SLEEP, says Pythagoras, fall upon  
thy eyes till thou hast thrice reviewed the trans-  
actions of the past day. Where have I turned  
aside from rectitude ? What have I been doing ?  
What have I left undone, which I ought to have  
done ? Begin thus from the first act and pro-  
ceed ; and in conclusion, at the ill which thou hast  
done be troubled, and rejoice for the good.

#### FEMALE MODESTY.

Modesty is the most impressive of the graces  
that can embellish a woman. Coquetry itself is  
often obliged to borrow at least the appearance  
of modesty, in order to please and to seduce ; and  
the most refined art of the former consists in dex-  
terously counterfeiting the latter.

#### TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

To city subscribers two dollars per annum, pay-  
able half yearly. No subscription received  
for a less term than one year.

To those who receive them by mail, two dol-  
lars, payable in advance.

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